

# a bird in the hand

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# pleasereylo

Star Wars - All Media Types / Star Wars Sequel Trilogy Complete



**a bird in the hand**

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## Summary

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### Description:

After three months, one week, and four days of searching, Lord Kylo Ren finally found his runaway wife.

# Chapter 1

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## Now

After three months, one week, and four days of searching, Lord Kylo Ren finally found his runaway wife.

The small village she chose to hide in didn't stand a chance against him and his knights; they were all slaughtered, save for the children. He had always had a soft spot for children. Maybe the villagers were innocent, too. Maybe they had no idea they were harboring his wife—or maybe they had knowingly kept her from him.

He did not care enough to ask questions. It was much easier to kill them.

When the fight was over and the dust had settled, Kylo approached the tree on which his wife was tied. Tears streamed down her lovely face and hatred shone brightly in her eyes.

"You *monster!*" she yelled. Her body shook as she tried to escape her confines. "They were innocent! You killed them!"

"I know," Kylo shrugged. 'Perhaps now you will think twice before you run away. Consider this your punishment.' His eyes flashed, hard as steel, and he leveled her with a penetrating gaze. "Next time I will not be so forgiving."

She yelled and struggled again, but Kylo ignored her. Instead, he stalked closer so that he might admire her face. He didn't get the chance to properly look at her before the fighting had started.

Rey looked much the same as when he last saw her three months ago, and yet something about her was different. Her skin looked healthier, her hair looked shinier, and her cheeks seemed fuller.

Slowly, he reached a hand up and traced a line down her jaw. Blood—he was not sure if it was his or someone else's—stained her skin where he touched her. He took pleasure in the way she flinched. "My little wife. So beautiful, and yet so disobedient. What ever shall I do with you?"

"Do not touch me," she hissed.

A playful smirk danced across his lips; though he would never admit it, he had missed her fiery disposition and smart mouth. And her body. *Especially* her body. Just the sight of her was enough to make him harden in his breeches. It had been a very long three months with nothing but his hand to keep him company.

He closed the distance between them until he could feel her warm breath puff against the exposed skin of his neck. He breathed in the scent of lilies and fresh rainwater and *Rey*. She swallowed but did not speak.

"I shall touch you whenever and wherever I please, wife. You are mine." His voice was quiet but strong. It left no room for argument. "If I wish to take you right here, in front of all

my knights, then I shall do so. If I wish to take you on top of these bloody corpses, then I shall do so. Do you understand?"

She tilted her chin up in defiance and did not answer him. He let out a huff of air and roughly groped her breasts. (Which, he noted, seemed much bigger than usual.)

"I said, *do you understand?*" he ground out.

Before she could respond, one of his knights approached. He was covered in blood and dirt just like everyone else, but he otherwise appeared in good health.

"My lord," he said with a bow. Kylo nodded for him to continue. "If we wish to make it back to the castle within a fortnight, we must make haste."

Kylo nodded stiffly and turned back to Rey. "We shall have to continue this later, my dove." He circled her nipple through the fabric of her emerald green gown and hungrily searched her face. "I shall be counting down the minutes."

"I would rather *die*," she bit out.

"Oh? You seemed to rather enjoy our couplings when you were at the castle," he mused. "I vividly remember the way your cunt used to squeeze me, the little noises you made in the back of your throat as you came undone... You loved it. Do not lie."

Her cheeks and forehead flushed bright red, which was a clear enough answer for him.

He smirked and went to untie her from the tree, but froze when his arm brushed against her abdomen.

Where he had expected to find her stomach flat, there was now a small bump protruding right between her hips that he hadn't noticed until that moment. His pulse quickened and his mind raced. Suddenly everything began to click into place: why she had run away from him so abruptly, why her skin and hair had looked shiny, why her breasts had seemed so much bigger...

Anger like he had never felt before coursed through his veins, clouding his mind and vision until all he could see was the color red. His hands clenched into fists and he fought the urge to beat them against the tree like an animal.

Using the last dredges of his self-control, Kylo closed his eyes, took a deep breath through his nose, and exhaled to the count of five. Once he was certain his emotions were somewhat in check, he opened his eyes and fixed Rey with a menacing glare.

Her face fell. Something akin to fear and the smallest hint of guilt flashed across her features.

She knew that he knew.

From between clenched teeth, Kylo uttered, "Are. You. Pregnant."

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### **Then**

Rey's husband was a cruel man.

She knew that when she married him—had heard tales of his bloodlust on the battlefield. He was ruthless and vindictive and mean, and she had begged her grandfather, Lord Palpatine, to break the engagement. It was of no use.

The night of their consummation, Rey's maids undressed and bathed her. When she was ready, they laid her belly-down on the bed, completely nude, with her legs spread open. The witnesses for the bedding ceremony then entered the room; a couple servants, Kylo's father, Rey's grandfather, and one or two additional noblemen. Rey was grateful for the curtain that surrounded her bed so they would not be able to gaze at her naked body. Only her legs were visible.

She took deep breaths to try to calm her nerves. This was natural, she told herself. Her and Kylo were man and wife. They needed to produce an heir.

But Rey had heard stories of such things from her maid, and she knew that losing one's virtue often hurt quite a bit. Given her husband's brutish reputation, she felt her fears were justified.

Finally, after what felt like ages, her husband entered the room. She knew it was him from the heavy *thunk* of his boots as he crossed the bedchamber. Her heart pounded in her ears with every step.

"Is my wife ready for me?" he asked.

"Yes, sire," one of the servants said.

Rey tried not to flinch as Kylo's gloved hand traveled up her calf to the apex of her thighs. He worked his way to her most intimate place, the place that none had ever touched before, causing goosebumps to rise across her skin.

"Not quite," he muttered under his breath, so low that only Rey could hear.

She had no idea what he meant by that, but she kept her gaze focused on the emerald green bedspread. It was not a woman's place to comment on such things.

Suddenly, Kylo pulled her up by the hips so her bottom was in the air; she couldn't help but yelp in surprise. Then he poured a watery liquid—perhaps an oil of some sort—down her backside, rubbing it into the folds of her sex.

"M-my lord?" Rey asked.

"Hush. You will thank me for this later. I do not wish to break you in one night."

Again, she had no idea what he meant, but she knew from his tone that it was best not to ask questions. As he rubbed the oil into her sex, an odd swooping sensation formed in her lower stomach and her spine began to tingle. It felt... good. Sort of like when she was a child and her maid would push her too high on the swing in the gardens.

She found herself unconsciously arching into his palm, chasing the building pressure in her core.

However, just when she felt she was on some sort of precipice, her grandfather cleared his throat. "Do you intend to take all night, Lord Ren?" he drawled.



Kylo huffed and removed his gloved hand from her center.

“Very well,” he replied in a clipped tone. She heard a shuffling sound behind her and dared to glance back for the first time all night. Kylo was standing at the foot of the bed, undoing the laces on his breeches. She quickly averted her gaze back to the bedspread before she could see his manhood. A flaming red blush spread across her cheeks.

Her husband pulled her to the edge of the bed and she felt something thicker and blunter than his finger slide through her folds. Her eyes widened as his length pressed against her entrance.

“Open for me, my dove,” he whispered.

She sucked in a breath as he pushed into her, slow but unrelenting. Though the oil helped some, it still felt like she was being pulled apart at the seams, stretched to the point of breaking. When he shoved himself through her maidenhead, she couldn’t take it anymore and cried out, “P-please, my lord, I cannot take it, the pain—”

He responded by shushing her and forcing her back to arch. Despite her best efforts, silent tears began to stream down her cheeks.

Finally, he settled inside of her fully and groaned. She squeezed her eyes shut tight and tried to think of something to distract her from the pain, to no avail. All she could think about, all she could feel, was the throbbing sensation between her legs.

“It is done,” Kylo announced to the witnesses.

“*Finally*,” her grandfather murmured.

One by one the witnesses left the room until only Rey and Kylo remained. She kept waiting for him to pull out of her and leave, but he didn’t. When the last person left and the door closed, Rey sniffled, “My lord? Are we done?”

He chuckled low in his throat. “Not quite. But I did not wish for any witnesses to this next part.”

She gulped. Next part? What else could there possibly be?

He began to move, then, pulling back until his length was almost completely gone and then pushing back in. He moved slowly at first, then faster as her body worked to accommodate him. The pain lessened some, but it still hurt enough for her to cry out each time his hips met her bottom.

“It will feel better next time,” he said in between thrusts. Rey wasn’t sure she believed him.

His fingers wrapped around her waist for purchase as he slammed into her hard and deep. Something on his breeches—maybe the laces—stung the backs of her thighs with each thrust, but she bit her lip and did not say a word. She had a feeling he wouldn’t care, anyway.

“You shall give me strong, healthy sons,” he said in a determined tone. His hands dug into her flesh so hard she was sure there would be bruises come morning. “Won’t you?”

“Yes, my lord,” she automatically replied.

“At least twelve.”

Her eyes bugged out of her head. *Twelve*? She would surely perish if she were to bear twelve children. And what if they only had daughters? “Do you not think twelve is a bit excessive, my lord?”

She could tell he didn’t like her response because he grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled. She winced as pain bloomed on her scalp.

“You shall bear as many children as I see fit, wife. Do not question my judgment again,” he snapped.

“Yes, my lord,” Rey grumbled. She would have nodded, but she was afraid the movement would rip her hair from its roots.

Seemingly placated, Kylo’s hand snaked around to where their bodies met. As he touched her, that same swooping feeling began to build in her lower stomach once again, distracting her from the pain.

“Come for me. I wish to feel you before I finish.”

Her hands fisted in the sheets and a sweat broke out on her brow. She felt herself climbing higher, though to *where*, she had no idea. Finally, she let out a scream as she fell over the edge, body shaking with pleasure.

Kylo followed close behind her, warmth flooding her insides until it leaked out onto her thighs. Her walls convulsed around him with each wave; he grunted and shoved himself deeper.

When it was finally over, he pulled out and laced himself back into his breeches. Rey remained on the bed, frozen.

“Keep your hips up,” he told her, “And you shall give me a son very soon.”

It was quiet for a moment before she felt his fingers at her entrance, pushing his spend back inside. His gloves were still on.

“I will be back tomorrow night, my dove,” he said.

And with that, he left.

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Kylo came back the next night, and the night after that, and every single night for an entire month. Sometimes he would visit her during the day, too. They never spoke except for when he was inside of her.

*“I cannot wait to see you swell with my child.”*

*“You will make the most excellent mother.”*

*“I hope our children have your eyes.”*

After the first few times, she found that it didn’t hurt anymore, for which she was grateful. It even started to feel good, though she would never admit that to Kylo. No matter how good

he made her feel, he was still a monster.

She was reminded of that every time he came home covered in blood. Every time he fired a servant for looking at her the wrong way. Every time he lost his temper and threw his dinner plate at the wall.

Something in her soul knew that he would never hurt her, but she could not stand idly by while he hurt everyone else around them.

The final straw came when Kylo flogged a servant that Rey had become friends with, a young man named Mitaka. She tried to tell Kylo that they were nothing more than friends, but he didn't listen. In a jealous rage, he had ordered Mitaka to be whipped twenty times while Rey watched. It was a gruesome sight to behold.

She vowed then and there that she was going to leave him.

So, she began to form a plan. An escape.

And after she missed her courses that first month, she knew it was time to take action.

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### **Now**

"Are. You. Pregnant."

Rey glanced down at his hand on her swollen belly and knew there was no use in lying. Her situation was abundantly clear to anyone who had eyes. She was pregnant. It was a wonder it had taken him this long to notice.

"Yes, I'm pregnant."

Kylo's jaw twitched. "Is it mine?"

She knew that she could lie and say no, but something—dignity, pride, honor—would not allow herself to be tainted. She looked her husband in the eye and said, "Yes."

Relief flashed across his face, quickly replaced by anger. She knew her husband was a cruel man (she had just witnessed him kill countless innocent villagers), but this was the first time she truly feared for her own life. For the first time, he looked as if he wanted to direct his violence at *her*.

She pressed herself as close to the tree as possible, wondering if she might be able to blend into the bark. Her hand came up to protectively cup the babe in her belly.

"You *dare*—" Kylo stopped, took several breaths, and tried again. The rage in his tone rattled her to her very bones. He bellowed, "You would *dare* to keep my son from me!"

Rey did not think it wise to respond, but then he grabbed her by the upper arm and shook her. "*Answer me!*"

Maybe it was his petulant tone of voice, or maybe it was the way he handled her like a child, but something in Rey snapped. She yanked herself from his grasp and yelled back, "The baby will be better off without someone like *you* for a father!"

“Someone like *me*?”

“Cruel and vicious. Uncaring of your wife.”

“*Uncaring*? I have scoured the country to find you. I have not taken a mistress, nor have I touched another woman since we married. I have killed for you and I will kill for you again. Is that what you call *uncaring*?”

“If you truly cared for me you would not have hurt my friend,” Rey sniffed.

Kylo crowded her against the tree and pointed his index finger right in her face; it was ungloved, perhaps for the first time since she married him, and his voice was low and deadly quiet. “You are *mine*. Any man who covets what is mine will be dealt with swiftly and mercilessly.”

“You’re a monster.”

His lips tilted up in a smile, but there was no warmth behind it. “A monster you love to fuck.”

She gasped, scandalized, and checked to make sure no one had heard him. Luckily, his knights were far enough away that they seemed oblivious. “*I hate you.*”

“Ah, but you do not deny it. You love when I fuck you. You love when I touch you. You love when I put my mouth on your—”

“*Stop.*”

He smirked because he knew he had won. “You may tell yourself whatever you want, wife, but you and I both know the truth. I bet you’re dripping now just thinking about it.”

“*Stop it!*” she screeched. His hands slid down to lewdly cup her bottom. She pounded her fists against his chest in protest, but that only ended up exciting him further. His hard length pressed insistently against her stomach. “Stop it or I’ll... I’ll tell my grandfather!”

Kylo snorted. “If you think I am a monster, then your grandfather is the very devil himself. He does not care about you beyond your duty to produce an heir.”

“I don’t see how that’s any different from *you*.”

“You’re right. I wish for you to produce *several* heirs. I cannot tell you how pleased I am that you are already with child. If you had not run away from me, I would have thrown you the most lavish feast... Perhaps next time, should you continue to be so fertile.” She gaped at him. He continued, “Now be a good little wife and *get in the carriage.*”

“No,” she said, tilting her chin up and crossing her arms.

“You may walk to the carriage or I may drag you to the carriage. Your choice.”

A myriad of emotions played out across Rey’s face. Her eyes darted from Kylo to his knights, all armed to the teeth with their swords and shields. She didn’t stand a chance of fighting them off, and in her delicate state she surely couldn’t outrun them.

She thought back to her time at the castle a little over three months ago. Had it been such a miserable existence? She was clothed and bathed and fed daily. Though Kylo was rough with

everyone else, he had never hurt her and she was confident that he never would. Especially now that she was carrying his heir. He seemed to have a soft spot for children; it did not escape her notice that he had spared the youngest of the villagers.

She chewed on the inside of her lip.

Kylo must have been able to sense her indecision, because he leaned down until his warm breath danced across her cheek. He peered into her eyes for a heated moment before he whispered, "Get in the carriage, my dove. I know you want to."

Pulling strength from somewhere deep inside her, she said, "Give Mitaka his yearly wages for the next three years, so that he may support his family while he searches for a new position."

His face hardened. "This is not a negotiation."

"Then you shall have to drag me, my lord."

His calculating eyes looked her up and down. "If I give him the money, you will come with me willingly? You will not try to run away again?"

"Yes."

"And you will give me as many children as I desire?"

She hesitated, then said, "If that is what my lord wishes."

He cupped her swollen belly once again and something like tenderness flitted across his gaze. He muttered something under his breath, but Rey couldn't quite make out what it was. She swallowed, throat suddenly dry.

Kylo shook himself back to the present and said, "Very well. I shall personally deliver the money as soon as we return to the castle. You have my word."

"Thank you, my lord. He will be very grateful, I'm sure."

Kylo's face darkened immediately. He gripped Rey's arm tightly and peered into her eyes as though to impress upon her a very important message.

"Make no mistake, wife. I am not doing this out of the kindness of my heart. I do not feel guilty for what I did to Mitaka; if it were up to me, I would have killed him and his entire family simply because he had the audacity to speak to you. I have killed others in the past for far less."

A sinking feeling churned in Rey's gut.

Kylo searched her face for a moment before he continued, "I am not a good man. I am not kind or forgiving or noble, and I am certainly not a gentleman. If you expect me to be so, you will only be disappointed."

Rey bit her lip. She knew everything he was saying was true. He *wasn't* a good man. But for some reason, it made her feel better to know that *he* knew. In her experience, most bad men were unaware that they were bad.

"I understand, my lord," she said evenly.

He rubbed his hand over his face, and Rey was suddenly struck by how very tired he looked. She had been too frightened to notice it earlier, but there were deep, dark circles under his eyes and his skin was sallow. He looked as though he hadn't slept in months—three months, to be exact. The smallest hint of guilt tugged at her insides.

Kylo sighed deeply. "I do not know why, but your happiness is important to me, so I will do this for you. But do not forget for one moment the kind of person I am."

She pursed her lips.

A beat passed.

"...I will not, my lord."

He guided her to the carriage.

## Chapter 2

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Kylo watched as Rey stared out the window of the carriage with a cross expression on her face.

She kept true to her word and had come with him willingly, but she was clearly unhappy about it. He decided that that simply wouldn't do. Though he was exhausted from his journey, he didn't travel all this way just for her to give him the silent treatment.

Plus, there was the matter of his cock, which was still very hard in the confines of his breeches. Something had to be done about it. He simply could not wait for them to set up camp later that night.

The way her breasts jiggled with each bump in the road only made his situation worse.

Not bothering to be subtle, Kylo spread his legs wide and leaned back so that the bulge in his trousers tented in an obscene manner.

The movement must have caught Rey's eye, because she glanced at him, then his lap, and scowled fiercely.

"Have you not a shred of *decency*?" she hissed.

Kylo shrugged and spread his legs wider.

Try as she might to hide it, her gaze flitted down to his lap again. Her cheeks turned as red as the tomatoes in his garden. A lazy, devilish smile crept at his lips.

"Have you missed me, wife?"

"No," she replied much too quickly. "I hate you. You're evil."

"Mm," he hummed. His gaze knowingly raked over her form. "What a lovely color you've chosen for your gown. Emerald green."

She frowned at the change in topic and picked at a loose thread on her skirt. "I believe it is more of a mossy green."

"No, it's emerald."

Rey huffed impatiently. "Is there a point to this line of questioning? Or do you simply wish to vex me to death?"

"Your sheets at the castle are also emerald green," he replied with a tilt of his head. "The same sheets on which I made you come undone every single night."

He could see the exact moment that his wife made the connection; her lips parted, her eyes widened, and her face paled. To her credit, she recovered very quickly and clasped her hands together. "A mere coincidence, my lord, I can assure you."

"Ah, but I do not believe in coincidences, my dove. I believe you missed me, whether you knew it or not, so you bought a dress that reminded you of me."

When she didn't respond, he leaned forward across the small carriage until their faces were only a breath apart. She inhaled sharply. He breathed in her scent. Even after all these months, she still smelled just as he remembered: lilies and rainwater.

"You missed me," he breathed. "Admit it."

"I did not."

Without taking his eyes from her, Kylo slowly lifted up Rey's skirt until her calves and knees were exposed. Her eyebrows twitched, but she otherwise gave no indication that she noticed him. She stared straight ahead with her lips pressed into a thin line.

His left hand caressed the back of her knee.

"You missed me," he said again.

"No."

His hand trailed to her inner thigh, drawing circles on the sensitive flesh. To his immense satisfaction, a shiver went up Rey's spine.

"How about now?"

"N-no," she stammered, sounding less sure with each passing moment.

Kylo suppressed a smile and sat on the bench next to Rey. While he continued to tease her with his fingers, his mouth began to work at her neck, licking and sucking at her pulse point. He groaned in pleasure at the taste of her salty-sweet skin.

Rey closed her eyes and took a deep, shuddering breath. He knew he was wearing her down, she just needed a little extra push.

His nimble fingers found their way past her underwear and to her velvety wet center. She gasped when he brushed against her clit with the barest of touches. He softly clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"My little wife is desperate for release, isn't she?" A soft whine escaped her throat. He added more pressure to her clit. "Have you touched yourself in my absence, my dove? Or have you been waiting for me all this time?"

She didn't answer, opting instead to arch into palm. It reminded him of their wedding night. This time, he couldn't help the smirk that crossed his lips.

"You know what I think?" he asked. "I think you have not touched yourself since you left my castle. I think my poor little wife has been unable to find relief without her husband to help her."

Two of his fingers pushed into her while his thumb continued to rub her clit. She attempted to stifle her pleasure at first, but soon it became too much and a breathy moan escaped her lips. Her chest was rising and falling in an increasingly fast manner as he worked her toward completion.

Her chestnut hair stuck to her forehead with sweat and her skin was flushed, but he thought she had never looked more beautiful.



Just when she was about to fall over the edge, Kylo uttered the words once again.

*"You missed me."*

Her eyes flew open and she glared at him with enough fire to set the entirety of Alderaan ablaze.

"I. Hate. You," she said through gritted teeth.

He was amazed she was able to string together those few words at all considering the way she was gasping and squirming against his hand. Impulsively, he licked a hot stripe up her neck and repeated his statement with more force.

*"You. Missed. Me."*

He could see it in her eyes that she could deny it no longer.

*"God, yes! Yes!"* she cried out. *"Just make me finish!"*

With that, he twisted his fingers inside of her just so, causing her to fall over the edge. As her orgasm overtook her, she became nothing but a shaking, sweaty mess in his arms. Tears streamed down her face, from pleasure or hatred he was not sure. Her chest heaved with the strength of her breaths.

While he waited for her to come down, he absently rubbed the swell of her stomach, where his heir was currently growing inside of her. Their child.

An odd, warm feeling settled in his chest and spread throughout the rest of his body.

*I missed you too,* he thought.

---

Kylo scarcely gave her time to recover before he pushed her to her knees on the carriage floor. Rey looked up at him with her brows drawn in confusion. "My lord?"

"You didn't think we were done, did you?" he chuckled. "It's my turn now."

She dubiously glanced around the small confines of the carriage. "There is not enough room, my lord."

"Normally I would prefer your tight cunt, but I dare say you're right. There is not enough room. Luckily, there are other ways you might pleasure me." Her brows creased in confusion once again, and he couldn't help but smile. Despite fucking her twice a day for an entire month, she was still so innocent to the other intimacies of sex. He couldn't wait to show her everything.

Kylo rubbed a hand over his still-clothed cock to relieve some pressure. The sight of Rey on her knees, between his legs, did something to him.

"Unlace my breeches," he told her. Though she didn't seem happy about it, her small fingers made quick work of the laces. He nodded his approval. "Now take my cock out."

She nervously glanced around the carriage again. "Here?"

"Yes." His patience was wearing thin. "Do not question me again, Rey."

She swallowed and tentatively pulled his cock from its confines. It was standing tall and hard, pointing up to his belly button, throbbing with need. He exhaled deeply and spread his legs wider.

“Now put your mouth on me.”

Rey recoiled, looking at Kylo as if he had gone mad. “You want me to... to use my *mouth*? On your—”

“On my cock,” he finished.

“But—but—”

Kylo had officially run out of patience. He had been hard and leaking for the better part of an hour now. If he didn’t come soon, he was going to have to stop the carriage, drag Rey outside, and fuck her on the side of the road where anyone might see.

His anger must have shown on his face, because Rey tried to lean further away from him. He set his mouth in a hard line, grabbed her by the hair, and forcibly pulled her back to his cock.

With barely contained fury, he said, “Put your mouth on my fucking cock and *suck*, wife. I will not tell you again.”

She hesitated for the briefest of seconds, and that was Kylo’s last straw. His nostrils flared. His eyes flashed. And he forced Rey’s mouth to open. “If you use your teeth, if you so much as *think* about biting me, I’ll kill every last one of your maids.”

He relished the way her eyes widened in fear.

Using his index finger, he forced her jaw to open wider, then he pushed her head forward until there was nowhere for her to go but on his cock.

When he finally entered her wet, hot mouth, he groaned loudly, uncaring if the valet could hear. She felt amazing. Though he still preferred her cunt, her mouth had other benefits; for one, she immediately started to choke and gag around him, and he wasn’t even halfway in yet. Watching her struggle to fit his large cock in her mouth sent a bolt of pleasure up his spine.

“Breathe through your nose,” was the only warning he gave her before he forced her head the rest of the way down on his cock. Her hands pushed and hit and scratched his thighs, but his grip on her was unrelenting.

Only when her nose hit the hair at the base of his cock did he finally let her up.

She sputtered for several seconds and tried to gulp in as much air as possible. Tears streamed down her face, but that didn’t stop her from glaring at Kylo. Before she could speak, he smirked and pushed her back onto his cock.

Her body seemed to know what to do this time, breathing through her nose until he hit the back of her throat.

“Ah, there’s a good little wife,” he praised her. “Taking my cock so well, just like I knew you would.”

Her eyes flashed with anger and indignation, but she could not say anything because her lips were otherwise occupied.

"I quite like you like this," he continued. "On your knees in front of me, with my cock stuffed in your mouth. If I knew it was this easy to shut you up, I would have done it ages ago."

She tried to speak, but it came out sounding more like a moan, and the vibrations caused his length to twitch in her mouth. His eyes rolled to the back of his head and it took everything in him not to come then and there.

Without warning, he began to pump himself in and out of her, using Rey's throat like a cunt. He didn't care that she was gasping and choking and digging her nails into his legs; all he cared about was finding his release.

"I deserve this," he grunted in between rough thrusts. "I waited three fucking months for you. Resorted to using my own hand like a fucking schoolboy. You'll never deny me again. Do you understand?"

When she didn't respond, he brutally snapped his hips against her and yanked on her hair. "I said, *do you understand?*"

She nodded her head up and down rapidly, and Kylo couldn't take it anymore. He tightly gripped the back of her head, shoved his cock deep into the back of her throat, and came inside of her waiting mouth.

His cum shot out of him in thick, never ending ropes that made his entire body shudder with bliss. He pushed down so hard on Rey's head that she had no choice but to swallow every last drop of his seed. He didn't let her up until he was completely drained.

"That," he breathed, tracing a line down her jaw, "Was nearly worth the wait."

She angrily wiped at the spit and cum dripping down the corner of her mouth. "You're a monster."

He lifted her up and smashed his lips against hers. There was no finesse to it—only pure, raw need. He could still taste himself on her tongue.

When they broke apart, he repeated the words he had said to her just a few short hours ago.

"A monster you love to fuck."

She did not deny him.

## Chapter 3

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While his knights set up camp for the night, Kylo dragged Rey to a secluded part of the forest where the noises of their coupling would not be overheard.

Rey grumbled under her breath, “I am tired, my lord. Must we venture into the woods? It is nearly dark out.”

Kylo whipped around and snapped, “Would you rather my knights watch as you come all over my cock? Perhaps you would like them to hear your moans, so that they might know what a *whore* you really are.”

She gaped at him. “I am not a *whore*!”

“And yet your lips were on my cock less than one hour ago.”

“Because you—you—” she sputtered furiously and waved her hands in the air. “Because you *made me*!”

“The first time, maybe. But the second time?”

Her cheeks and ears flamed bright red, brighter than he had ever seen them before. “I am your *wife*,” she hissed.

“Only when it suits you,” he bit back.

They both glared at each other in a silent battle of wills, wondering when the other was going to break first. Electricity crackled in the air—a heady mixture of hatred and desire. Kylo’s gaze darted from Rey’s eyes, to her swollen belly, to her lips. Though the corners of her mouth were tight with irritation, her lips still looked so very pink and kissable.

His cock twitched. Her tongue darted out to wet her lips.

“I loathe you,” she finally said.

“I loathe *you*,” he echoed.

Finally, Kylo couldn’t stand it any longer. He closed the distance between them in two long strides and crashed his lips against Rey’s, hard and deep.

She sucked in a breath of surprise, then quickly returned his kiss with a feverish desperation of her own. Her fingers laced through his thick black hair and pulled hard, causing him to groan into her mouth. In retaliation, he bit her lip so hard it bled, then eagerly sucked away every drop.

His hands touched her everywhere; her face, her neck, her breasts, her stomach. He couldn’t get enough. He needed more.

Three months of sexual frustration had compounded inside of him, and now he was desperate for release. Fooling around in the carriage had helped take the edge off, but he

needed to feel her around him. He needed it so badly that he felt like an out-of-control feral animal, driven solely by instinct and desire.

Kylo shoved Rey against the nearest tree and hurriedly lifted up her skirts. Her undergarments were long gone, tossed somewhere in the crevices of the carriage, for which he was thankful. Her bare, glistening cunt called to him like a siren to a sailor. Evidence of her arousal was dripping down her legs as she squirmed impatiently against the tree.

“*My lord,*” she whined.

His fingers teased her clit. “Is this what you want, wife? You want to come?”

“Yes. *Please.*”

Without breaking eye contact, he brought his hand to his mouth and licked her arousal off his fingers. Then, in a low voice, he said, “Too bad.”

Her mouth dropped open. “I beg your pardon?”

“Only good little wives get to come. Ones who don’t run away from their husbands,” he snapped. “I made an exception for you in the carriage—it will not happen again.”

A different kind of hatred blazed in her eyes. She tried to push her skirts back down, but he did not let her. He grabbed her by the wrist and pinned her against the tree. His cock pressed insistently against her pregnant stomach.

“I need to feel you. Now,” he groaned. His entire body felt like it was on fire. He couldn’t tell if Rey was water or oil, but he knew that it didn’t matter. They would consume each other anyway.

She yelped as he lifted her against the trunk of the tree. He held her up with his body and shoved down his breeches just enough to get his heavy, leaking cock out. Despite Rey’s protests, her legs wrapped around his waist and she threw her arms around his neck for purchase.

Finally, he grabbed his cock in hand and guided it to her sopping entrance.

“This may hurt a little,” he said.

Kylo slammed into Rey in one fell swoop, causing her to cry out in pain. She was plenty wet, but it had been three months since they were last together, and he was rather large. Part of him reveled in the way she screamed. Part of him *wanted* to hurt her, just like she had hurt him when she left.

But when he slid into her, it felt like he was coming home. Like everything was finally right in the world. And how could he stay mad at her when she made him feel like that?

When her cries died down into little whimpers, he began to move. Though he wasn’t mad at her anymore, he didn’t have the time nor patience to be gentle. He needed to fuck her until they were both a sweaty, incoherent mess. And so he did.

His hips bucked into hers feverishly, bouncing her up and down on his cock. Her back scraped against the bark of the tree and her swollen breasts bobbed against his chest with each thrust. A tight ball of heat coiled in his lower abdomen.

“You feel so fucking good, Rey,” he said. “Tight little cunt.”

He slammed into her harder. Deeper. Eventually, Rey’s protests died and she began to roll her hips against him with each thrust, seeking out the release he had so cruelly denied her earlier. Her lips parted slightly and her face turned toward the night sky in bliss.

“*Fuck*, I’m close,” he cursed. He leaned down and sucked a bruise into her neck. “I’m going to come inside you, wife. You want that? You want me to fill you with my cum?”

“*Please!*” she gasped.

He buried his face in her shoulder and fucked into her with a brutal pace.

Finally, he shoved himself deep inside of her cunt and came, filling her to the brim with his sticky white spend. She rocked her hips against him, draining him until there was nothing left.

When it was over, they both collapsed on the ground, exhausted. Kylo pulled Rey’s gown up so he could admire her red, well-fucked cunt. White streaks of his cum trailed down her thighs, which gave him a perverse sense of pride.

He pulled her gown up higher until the swell of her belly came into view. Slowly, he leaned down and pressed his ear against her stomach. He whispered, too quiet for Rey to hear, “I cannot wait to meet you, little one.”

“Did you say something?” she asked.

He cleared his throat. “I said we should head back to camp before my knights send out a search party.”

He rubbed her belly one last time before he helped her to her feet. Together, they walked back to camp.

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By the time Kylo and Rey made it back to the castle two weeks later, they had probably had sex with each other a hundred times—or at least it felt that way to Rey.

In the carriage, in the woods, on their makeshift bedroll. Standing up, lying down, or with Rey on her knees in front of him. It didn’t matter. Her husband was insatiable. It was like he was trying to fit three months worth of sexual encounters in their two-week journey home.

And—aside from their first encounter in the carriage—he never let her finish. He would work her up to the very edge of desire, and then cruelly rip his hand away before she could fall over the edge. Once, she had tried to bring herself to completion with her own fingers, and he had spanked her backside raw. She didn’t try it again.

Needless to say, it was torture. Pure, utter torture.

So much so that when they made it back to the castle, she was willing to do just about anything to finally come. In a particular state of desperation, she made the mistake of telling that to her husband.

He had just spent himself inside of her and was catching his breath, but her statement instantly caught his attention.

“Anything?” he said. There was a devilish gleam in his eye that made her nervous, but Rey was so pent up that she didn’t care.

“Anything, my lord.”

A slow grin stretched across his lips. “I believe I have just the idea. Tomorrow, come see me in the throne room before my daily hearings.”

Rey’s eyebrows furrowed. Kylo usually preferred to attend his hearings alone. It was dreadfully boring stuff; he would listen to the complaints of the villagers, meet with various noblemen, and talk with his advisors on how to best manage the estate. What could he possibly want with her there?

Before she could ask her question, Kylo continued, “Wear nothing underneath your dress.”

“My lord? Surely you don’t mean—”

“I think you know exactly what I mean.”

Rey swallowed. Yes, she definitely had an idea.

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When Rey entered the throne room the next morning, Kylo was already sitting on his throne, waiting for her to arrive. His knights were scattered around the room, one guarding each exit, and one standing on either side of the throne.

Rey curtsied before her husband, which was made difficult by her increasingly large belly. Kylo leaned back in his chair and said nothing.

There was palpable heat in his gaze as he looked her up and down. His head cocked to the side.

“Have you followed my instructions, wife?”

“Yes, my lord.”

As requested, she was wearing nothing underneath her dress. This wasn’t necessarily a new sensation for Rey, as he often forced her to remain naked for days at a time. But it had always been in the privacy of her bedchamber—never in front of other people. Rey glanced nervously at the knights on either side of the throne, but they both stared ahead blankly.

Kylo patted his thigh.

“Come here, wife.”

Rey’s eyes widened. “My lord?”

“You said you wanted to come. I am offering you exactly that. You need only keep me *entertained* during my hearings today.”

“B-but,” she sputtered. Her gaze pointedly flicked to the knights around the room.

Kylo waved his hand dismissively. "My knights are exceptionally well-trained. You need not worry about them." When Rey only stared at him, he grew impatient and snapped, "Sit. Now."

With stilted footsteps, Rey approached the throne. When she was less than a foot away, Kylo pulled his cock from his breeches with a deep sigh of relief. His member was already hard and pulsing in his hand.

Rey's face reddened. Though she had seen Kylo's cock hundreds of times before, she had never seen it under such circumstances. She was in a state of shock that he intended to have sex with her *here*, where his knights could see. He had threatened to do so before, but she never thought he would make good on those threats.

Suddenly, Kylo grabbed her around the waist and yanked her on top of him. She let out a squeal as she felt his hard cock press into her backside.

"If you want to come," he whispered in her ear, "Then you're going to sit on my fucking cock and keep it warm for me like a good little wife. If you can do that, then I'll reward you."

Rey's face reddened in embarrassment. Though none of the knights were looking at her directly, she could feel the heat of their awareness. She knew that they were staring at her in their periphery and likely listening to every word she uttered, every noise she made. It was humiliating.

"P-please, my lord," she stuttered. "Not in front of them."

His large hand wrapped around her neck and squeezed. "I thought you said you would do *anything*, wife?"

While his right hand constricted her airways, his left hand found its way up her dress and began to touch her soft center. The combination of both sensations left her feeling dizzy, breathless with desire. She rolled her hips against his hand, desperate for more pressure.

"Ah ah," he clicked his tongue. "Remember what I said: only good little wives get to come."

"Okay," she choked out. She was beginning to become lightheaded from lack of oxygen, and yet her only thought was of her own pleasure. "Okay, I'll do it."

"Much better," he hummed.

Without waiting any longer, Kylo lifted her up and speared her on his thick cock. She gasped out at the sudden fullness; even after all these months, he still stretched her to the point of breaking every time.

"Perfect," he sighed.

He positioned her dress in a way that neither of them was exposed; it fanned out around them, acting as a blanket of sorts. If someone didn't know any better, they might have thought she was innocently sitting on her husband's lap. They would have no idea that his hard cock was twitching inside of her.

Once they were situated, Kylo nodded to his knight by the entrance.



“Send in the first villager.”

Rey gasped and turned around to face Kylo. “You did not say there would be others,” she hissed.

“Of course there are others,” he shrugged. The movement slid his cock even further into her and she bit back a moan. ‘I am a busy man. I have fallen behind in my duties because I was searching for *you*, so now I must multitask.’ His hand slid over her round belly and he inhaled her scent. “Now don’t move. Don’t make a sound. Simply sit on my cock while I go about the hearings.”

“The entire village will think me a whore.”

“You *are* a whore.”

Before she could protest, his hips tilted up ever so slightly, causing his cock to hit that spot inside her that made her see stars. He chuckled low in his throat as if to say, *point proven*.

Just then, the first visitor entered the room.

He was very clearly one of the villagers; maybe a farmer, from the look of his tan, weathered skin. As he approached the throne, his eyes widened at the sight of Rey on Kylo’s lap. Rey tried her best to remain completely and utterly still.

“My lord,” the farmer bowed. “I-I can come back later. If this is a bad time.”

“Of course not,” Kylo replied. “Why would this be a bad time?”

There was a clear challenge in Kylo’s tone that dared the farmer to say something. Luckily, the farmer seemed to know of Kylo’s brutish reputation and did not dare to comment on the situation. He simply averted his gaze and nodded.

“I came to talk to you about my crops, my lord,” the farmer said.

But the rest of his story was immediately lost to Rey as Kylo began to move his hips. They were small, subtle movements, but each one caused his cock to drag along her walls in the most delicious way. For a moment, she forgot that she was in the throne room. She forgot that she was surrounded by a number of strange men. All she could focus on was the feeling of Kylo’s cock inside of her.

She tried to wiggle her hips, to give herself more stimulation, but Kylo wrapped his arm around her waist in a steel grip so she was unable to move. In her ear, he whispered, “Remember what I said, wife. No moving. No noises.”

She crossed her arms and pouted her lips. The farmer was still talking, but his words were rushed and his face was red. He was clearly uncomfortable and eager to leave the room. Rey found herself wishing he would leave, too, just so she would finally be able to come.

“...So I was hoping you would be able to help, my lord,” he finally finished.

Kylo cleared his throat. She could tell from his voice that he had not been paying attention one bit; it pleased her to know that he was just as lost as she was.

“I shall send one of my footmen to help you with your problem,” Kylo said.

“Thank you, my lord.” The farmer nodded gratefully and quickly scurried from the room. How long had he been in there? Ten minutes? Twenty minutes? To Rey, it felt like it had been hours.

As soon as he was out of the room, she tried once again to move, but Kylo’s grip was unyielding.

“Send in the next guest,” he called out.

Rey’s nostrils flared. “There are *more*?”

He seemed to delight in her frustration. “As I said, I am a very busy man.”

While they waited for the next guest to arrive, Kylo hiked up her dress and rolled her clit between his fingers. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she melted into his touch. She was already so close, embarrassingly close, after only the slightest of touches.

The next guest entered the throne room, and Kylo immediately removed his hand and fixed her gown. A whimper escaped Rey’s throat. She didn’t care how petulant she sounded. She wasn’t sure how much more of this she could take.

The next visitor continued on much like the first, and the second, and the third. By the time the fourth visitor entered the throne room, Rey was a sweaty, incoherent mess. Her clit was positively throbbing, and her stomach was coiled so tightly she thought she might implode.

Kylo, at least, didn’t seem to be faring much better. It was obvious he was no longer even attempting to listen to the various villagers. He sent most of them away to deal with his advisor, Hux.

When the fourth visitor left, Kylo apparently couldn’t take it anymore, because he said to his knight, “Tell the rest to come back tomorrow. My wife has taken ill and I must tend to her.”

A pause. “Of course, my lord.”

As soon as the door shut, Kylo wrapped both arms around Rey and finally gave in to his base urges.

He began to fuck her with short, brutal thrusts that made an obscene slapping sound in the large room. Six of his knights remained, and they were no longer attempting to hide their desire. They were all openly staring at Rey and Kylo, lust plain in their eyes. Several of them had a telltale bulge in their trousers, but Rey couldn’t bring herself to care.

All she cared about was Kylo’s cock inside of her, the way it seemed to hit all the right spots as if they were made for each other.

She moaned loudly and threw her head back against his chest. One of the knights attempted to pull his cock out, but Kylo growled at him.

“Did I say you could fucking touch yourself?” he snarled. The knight’s hands immediately snapped back to his side, but he did not look away. Rey could feel the heat of the six knight’s stares on her, burning a hole right through her. “They can look, but they can’t touch,” Kylo hissed in her ear.

All coherent thoughts flew from her brain as soon as he lifted up her dress and began to touch her aching core.

“Oh, you’re *soaked*,” Kylo practically purred. “You like this, don’t you? Being on display for all my men to see, like a common whore.”

“No,” Rey breathed.

“*Don’t* lie to me.” He slapped her cunt in a way that would have been painful if she wasn’t already so worked up. As it was, it sent an electric sensation throughout her entire body and she couldn’t help but moan. “You like being fucked like a whore.”

“*Please*,” Rey begged, though she wasn’t sure what she was begging for. His hips jerked into hers in an increasingly fast manner and she knew he was close to finishing. This was her last chance to get relief.

“I know,” he tutted. ‘Whores like you are desperate to come, aren’t they?’ His hand trailed to her clit once again, rubbing it in the exact way she liked. “I’ll give you exactly what you need.”

He pounded into her and flicked her clit, and the combined sensation drove Rey into oblivion. Her back arched off his chest and she cried out as she finally, *finally* came around his cock after weeks of waiting. Her vision blacked out and her entire body convulsed with the strength of her release. She had had dozens of orgasms before, but nothing like this. This was something else altogether.

“I’m coming,” he ground out.

Kylo held her in his arms like a limp doll as he fucked her to his own release. His spend flooded her waiting womb, filling her until she couldn’t take any more.

Her cunt was raw. Sensitive. She was fairly certain he was going to have to carry her back to her room, because there was no way she’d be able to walk.

After she came down from her high, she remembered that the knights were still in the room. They were all staring at her and Kylo (who was still inside her), and several of them had wet spots on the fronts of their trousers.

Her eyes widened and shame turned her cheeks red. She couldn’t believe she had just let Kylo fuck her in front of them. Maybe he was right—maybe she really was a whore.

“All mine,” Kylo growled. His lips found her neck, and he sucked a bruise into her skin. His cock was already beginning to harden again.

“Y-your knights, my lord,” Rey stuttered.

He hummed like he had completely forgotten they were there. With one last nip at the underside of her jaw, Kylo said to the room at large, “Did you enjoy the show?”

“Yes, my lord,” they answered in unison.

“Then that is all. You are dismissed.”

The knights—very reluctantly, it seemed—filed out of the room. Rey felt sorry for whatever poor maid they ran into in the hallway.

As soon as they were gone, Kylo lowered him and Rey to the floor and began fucking her again. She moaned in a combination of pain and pleasure; her body was still recovering from their first coupling, and she was far too sensitive.

His hand closed around her throat and fire burned in his eyes.

“I thought you said you wanted to come?”

“I do, but—”

“Then *shut the fuck up* and take what I’m giving you.”

She pursed her lips. “Yes, my lord.”

And then he rewarded—or punished—her with another orgasm.